

# DREAM MARCH OF THE CHILDREN.

By  
James Whitcomb Riley.

Was n't it a funny dream? — perfectly bewild'rin'! —

Last night, and night before, and night before that, —  
Seemed like I saw the march o' regiments o' children,  
Marching to the robin's life and cricket's rat-ta-tat!

Lily-banners overhead, with the dew upon 'em,

On flashed the little army, as with sword and flame;

Like the buzz o' bumble-wings with the honey on 'em,  
Came an eerie, cheery chant, chiming as it came:

*Where go the children? Traveling! Traveling!*

*Where go the children, traveling ahead?*

*Some go to kindergarten; some go to day-school;*

*Some go to night-school; and some go to bed!*

Smooth roads or rough roads, warm or winter weather

On go the children, tow-head and brown,

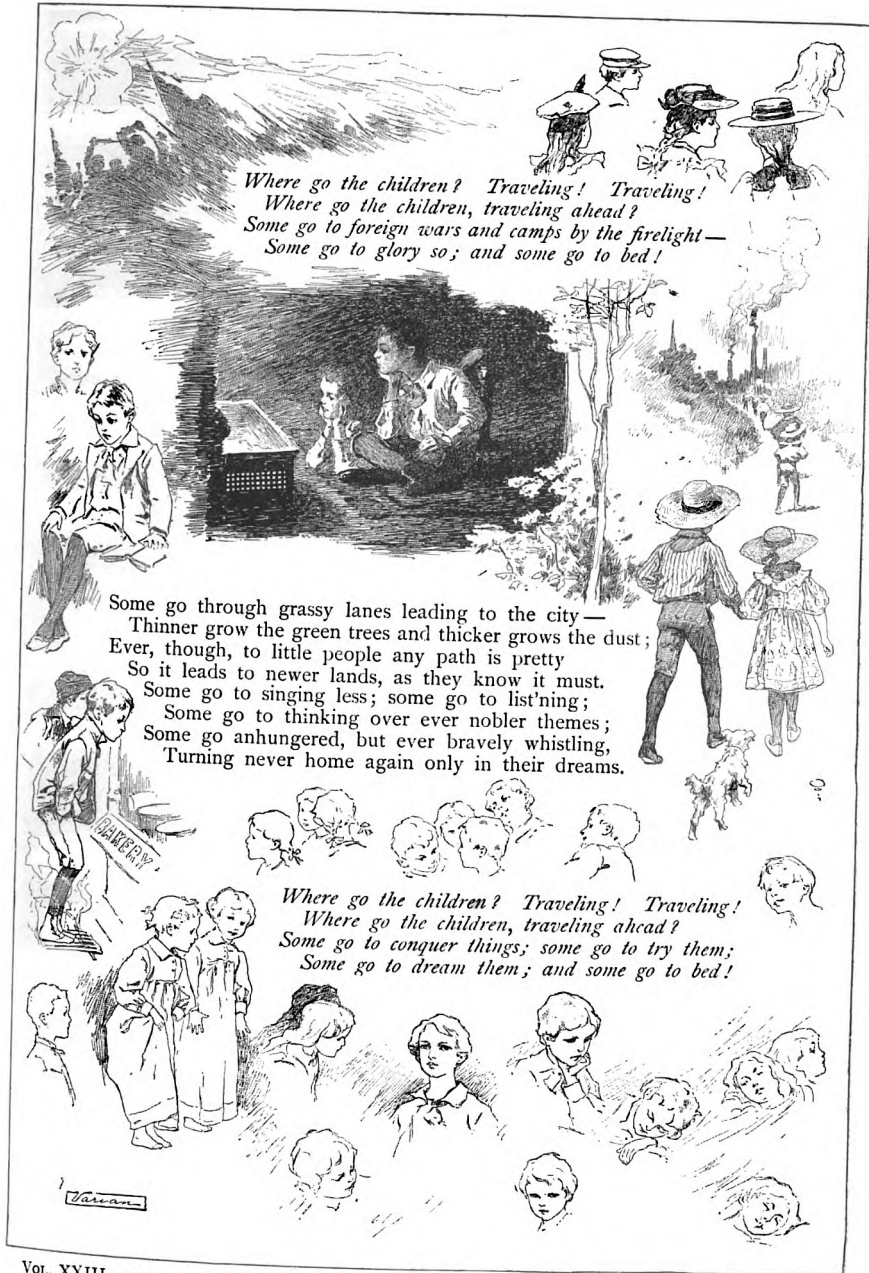
Brave boys and brave girls, rank and file together,  
Marching out of Babyland, over dale and down:

Some go a-gipsying out in country places —

Out through the orchards, with blossoms on the boughs

Wild, sweet, and pink and white as their own glad faces;

And some go, at evening, calling home the cows.



# The Happy Holiday of Master Merrivein

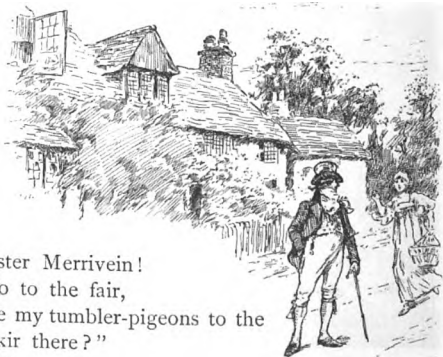
BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

"I 'LL hie me up to Durley Fair," quoth Master Merrivein;  
"A day of rest and jollity, then hie me home again.  
With shillings in my pocket, and the harvest work all done,  
I 'll spend a happy holiday, then back by set o' sun!"



So blithesome Master Merrivein, all in his Sunday best,  
Started straightway for Durley Fair, with energy and zest;  
His stick upon his shoulder, most joyfully he sped,

But suddenly  
a voice  
from a  
neighbor's  
gateway said:

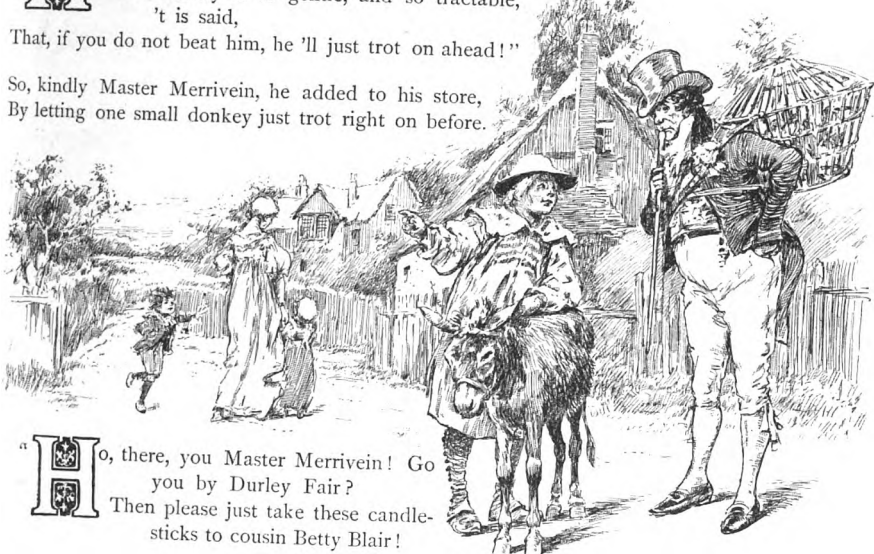


"H, Master, Master Merrivein!  
As you go to the fair,  
Will you take my tumbler-pigeons to the  
pigeon fakir there?"  
So, kindly Master Merrivein, he slung  
them on his back,

The pigeons and the pigeon-cage.  
(They made a goodly pack!)

**H**OLD! hold, there, Master Merrivein! As you go through the town,  
Will you leave this little donkey with brother Billy Brown?  
The donkey is so gentle, and so tractable,  
't is said,  
That, if you do not beat him, he 'll just trot on ahead!"

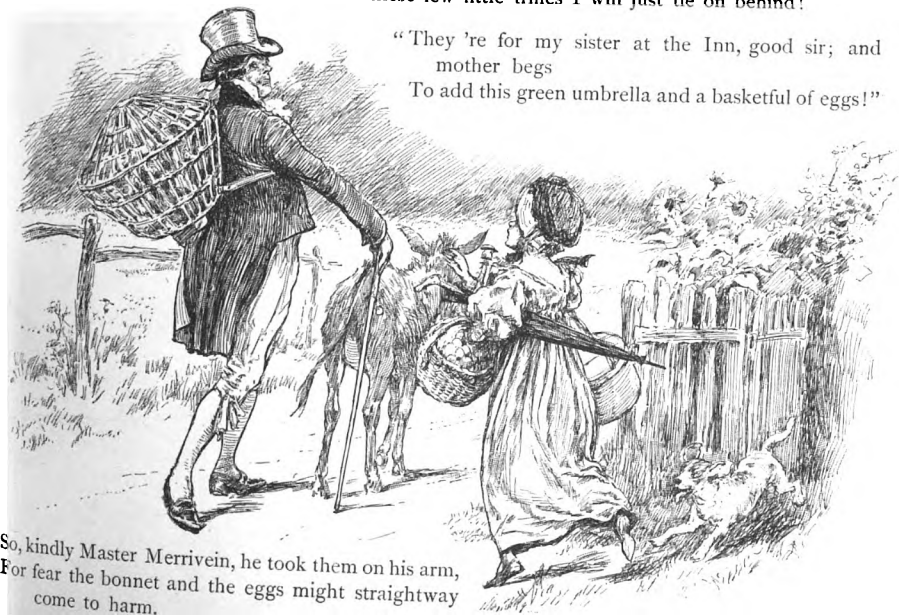
So, kindly Master Merrivein, he added to his store,  
By letting one small donkey just trot right on before.



**H**o, there, you Master Merrivein! Go  
you by Durley Fair?  
Then please just take these candle-  
sticks to cousin Betty Blair!

This bonnet, in the bonnet-box, I 'll add, if you don't mind,  
And these few little trifles I will just tie on behind!

"They 're for my sister at the Inn, good sir; and  
mother begs  
To add this green umbrella and a basketful of eggs!"



So, kindly Master Merrivein, he took them on his arm,  
For fear the bonnet and the eggs might straightway  
come to harm.

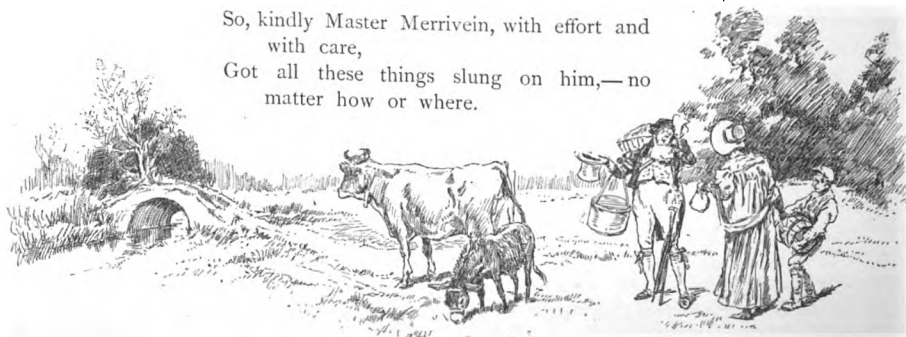
“**O**h, Master, Master Merrivein! just step around this way!  
 If only you will drive a cow along with you to-day!  
 She 's the gentlest, kindest animal that ever yet  
 was seen,  
 And I 've sold her to young Mistress Finch, who  
 lives on Durley Green!”

So, kindly Master Merrivein, he hummed a little song,  
 And the cow she switched her tail about and straight-  
 way went along.



“**O**h, wait—wait, Master Merrivein! Please stop a moment where  
 The cross-roads meet the school-house, well-nigh to Durley Fair,  
 And give this keg of butter and bag of tarts so nice,  
 And this shawl and woolen comforter, to good old Granny Gryce!”

So, kindly Master Merrivein, with effort and  
 with care,  
 Got all these things slung on him,—no  
 matter how or where.



"Is that good Master Merrivein? Three squawking geese have I;  
I'll hang them on your shoulder, and their feet I'll tightly tie.  
Just leave them with Dame Blodgett, anear the crooked stile,  
The other side of Durley Green, about a half a mile!"



"Oh, stop — stop, Master Merrivein! Go you to Durley Fair?



Then I beg you take this finery for my daughter Meg to wear,  
This flowered hat and tippet, the mitts and paduasoy.  
She's at Aunt Elsie's cottage, and will welcome you with joy!"

"Wait, there, good Master Merrivein! If to the fair you go,  
Please take my fiddle and my flute to Uncle Jerrygo!

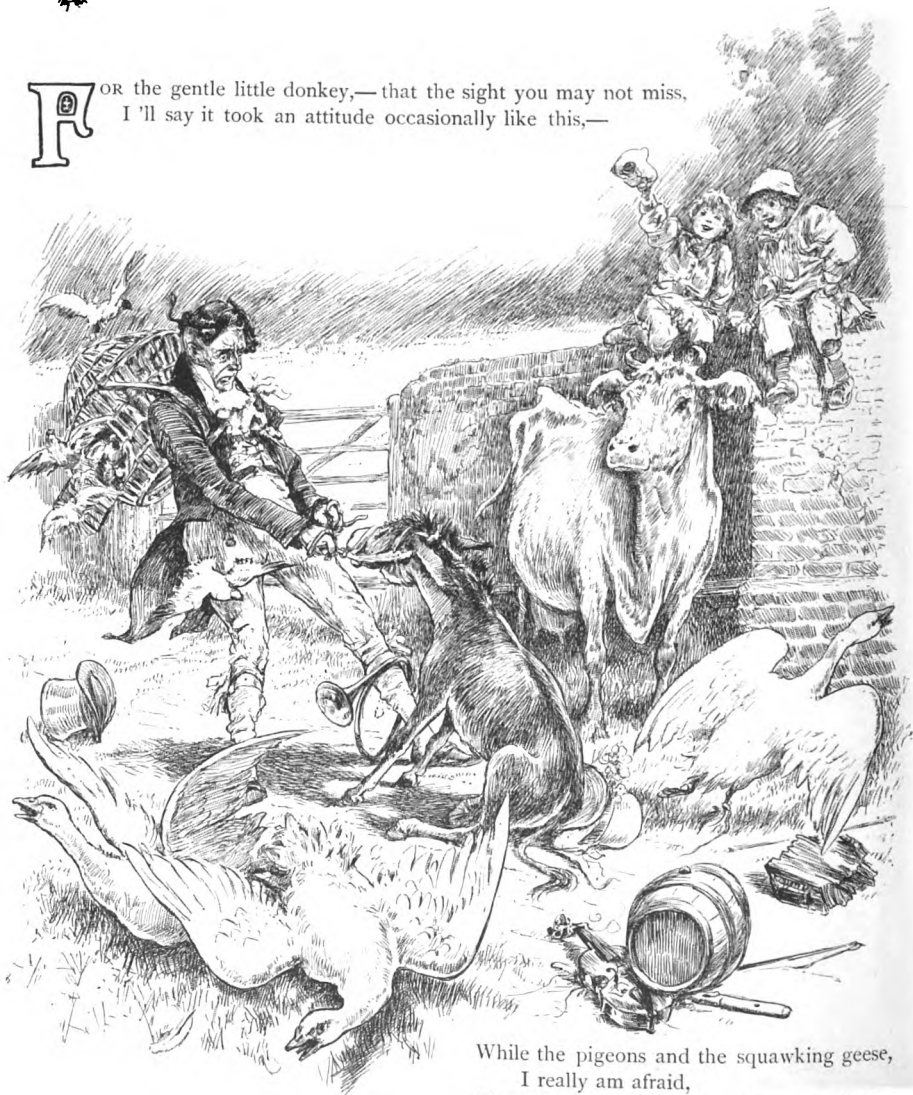


The tuning-fork and music-rack, accordion and horn,  
Are for his son, who leads the band at Durley Fair each morn!"



**S**o, straightway, Master Merrivein, so good and true and kind,  
Started him off to Durley Fair a day of rest to find.  
But did he find it? Oh, dear me! Go ascertain, I pray,  
Of all the curious country-folk who passed him on the way!

**F**OR the gentle little donkey,—that the sight you may not miss,  
I'll say it took an attitude occasionally like this,—



While the pigeons and the squawking geese,  
I really am afraid,  
That one small picture could not hold the  
havoc that they made!



**T**HE cow (that *gentle* animal!)—to-morrow, at the fair,  
Young Mistress Finch may try to sell; I warn you, then  
beware!

For Master Merrivein found out, to his own great surprise,  
That she had an unexpected way of taking exercise.

**A**ND all the other articles? Alack-a-day! I ween,  
Some things, to be appreciated, really must be seen;  
But if you'd fully understand the *how*, and *when*, and  
*where*,

Go take a day (like Merrivein's) to rest at Durley Fair!

